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On the SUPPOSED VIRTUES of the RAREST STONES that are usually set in RINGS.

THE DIAMOND has been always esteemed, by the ancients, the rarest stone, and the most precious of all, either for its hardness, its fine brilliancy, its water, or its virtues. It is victorious over fire, and resists also the hardest things.—The finest come from Bijnaga and Decam, provinces of the East-Indies: The sea of Tanjam in Malacca, furnishes very good; as does likewise Arabia Felix. Rueus assures, that the diamond ingenders another and that a great princess of the family of the Luxemburghs had two hereditary ones, that produced, in a certain time; others; which is easily observed when they are near ingendering others.—This is also related by Boetius.

The virtue attributed to this stone is against poison, panic terrors, the plague, wakefulness, prestiges, and enchantments: It calms anger, and foment's love between man and wife, and is therefore called the stone of reconciliation. Some ascribe to it the virtue of talismans, when under a favourable constitution of the aspect of the heavens, and under the planet of Mars; the figure of the god Mars, or of Hercules surmounting the Hydra, is engraved on it: for he who wears it is always assured of victory, how numerous soever his enemies may be.

Such a pernicious quality is notwithstanding attributed to diamond-powder, that it cannot be corrected, either by reason of its being ex-

tremely cold, or corrosive: and it is said the great physician and chymist, Theophrastus Paracelsus, was poisoned by it.

As heat may tarnish the lustre and fire of a diamond, Wolphangus and Andrew Baccius are of opinion, that at night, before going to bed, it ought to be taken off the finger, and laid on some marble, or in some cool place. The symbol of the diamond is constancy, fortitude, innocence and other heroic virtues.

The CARBUNCLE is so rare and precious a stone, that it is very hard to be found. Some have said that it is not in nature, but they are greatly mistaken, it being certain, that it has been, and is still found. Garcias ab Horto, a physician to the viceroy of the Indies, writes, that he himself saw carbuncles in that prince's possession, whose splendor was so prodigious, that they seemed like so many blazing coals, which glowed in the midst of darkness. Lewis Vertoman, a Roman, relates that the king of Pegu, usually wore one of so large a size, and so lively and brisk a lustre, that whoever looked at this king in the darkest night, saw him shine, as if surrounded by the rays of the sun. If therefore nature produces stones of this quality, that sparkle with so much lustre in the night, and dissipate its obscurity, these stones must be carbuncles; and it is this fire that must distinguish them from other precious stones. If the same nature has given so great a resplendency

dency to a little worm, which in summer time conquers by its lustre the darkness of the night, and illuminates the objects about it, why should not a body, more solid, more purified, and on which nature might have worked during several ages, have the same fire with more brilliancy, being a more finished work, and whose merit, except in point of life, surpasses that of the glow-worm.

Ælian relates in his history of animals, that a young stork, having been cured of a broken thigh by a woman of Tarentum, in gratitude for her care, had let fall into her lap a precious carbuncle, which shined in the night as a burning-candle. Hence it is manifest, that dragons only carry them about them, to give themselves light; and that they do not grow out of their heads, because birds know how to distinguish them from other stones, and to find them in the places where they grow.

The carbuncle is of different kinds and sexes. Its nature is to emit a coruscant fire, which shines brighter, the greater the obscurity is. It also contains drops of gold, like so many stars within. These are the rarest carbuncles, and they come from Ethiopia. The Chaldeans had so great a veneration for this stone, that they used it in their ceremonies. It is still remarkable that the carbuncle cannot be counterfeited. Its supposed virtues are, to resist fire, to stop defluxions of the eyes, to divert dreams and nocturnal illusions, and to serve as an antidote against corrupt and pestilential air.

The Ruby differs much from the carbuncle, though some place no distinction between them. It is diaphanous, and variegated with little spots of azure in the midst of a purple colour. The less azure it has, the more beautiful and noble

it is. The best are from the isle of Ceylan, and the river Pegu. That which the emperor Rodolphus II. had, was as big as a hen's egg, and valued at sixty thousand ducats. The virtues ascribed to it are for resisting poison, preserving from the plague, banishing sorrow, repressing luxury, and averting ill thoughts. If it changes colour, it portends impending misfortune: but it resumes its former colour as soon as they are over.

The AMETHYST is in great esteem for its excellencies, and therefore ranked among the most precious stones. The best are from the East-Indies, though Germany and Bohemia furnish pretty good. The more deep and less transparent their violet-colour is the greater esteem they are in. This stone is called amethyst from its colour, and because it hinders drunkenness; for, being applied to the navel, it attracts and dissipates the fumes of wine. It also is said to divert ill thoughts, to make the mind joyful and to acquire for the bearer the favor of princes. The Roman ladies were very fond of this stone.

The HYACINTH is of the number of rare stones, and such of them as are reputed the most beautiful, have the glow of flames of fire, and emulate the colour of scarlet, or natural vermilion. The oriental are the most noble. Their principal use formerly was against the plague, being hung to the neck. They were also thought to fortify the heart, to secure from the effects of lightning, and to augment riches, honor, prudence, and wisdom.

The EMERALD is the most perfect, beautiful and sprightly among precious stones. The most considerable come from the Indies, Persia, and Peru. The reputed virtues of this stone are to prevent epileptic fits; and, if the disorder is so violent as
not

not to be conquered by it, it breaks. If bound to the thigh of a woman with child, it hastens delivery. The powder of it being drank, stops the dysentery and all fluxes of blood, & remedies the bites of venomous animals.

The OPAL, of which there are four sorts, challenges an eminent rank among precious stones, because it partakes of the beauty of all others, and cannot be counterfeited. It has a little of the fire of the carbuncle, the purple of the amethyst, the green of the emerald, & an agreeable mixture of blue, yellow, black, and white; & this beauty arises from the mutual reflection of the colours, as we see in the rain-bow. The finest are from the Indies. The virtues attributed to the opal are, for recreating the spirits of the heart, preserving against contagious air, hindering fainting fits and malign affections. Nonius, a Roman senator, had one valued at twenty thousand sesterces, and he would rather be banished his country, and deprived of his post than give it to Mark Anthony, who had a great desire for it.

We shall finish the discourse by the PANTARBE, of which Philostrates, in the life of Apollonius, relates wonderful effects. This stone is incomparable, both in beauty and virtue; for it has so piercing a lustre and so brisk a fire, that like the carbuncle it lights up day in the midst of darkness; but what is most admired, is that this light is a spirit accompanied by such effect, that it insinuates and diffuses itself in the earth, to attract insensibly, the other stones round about it, and even as far as this virtue extends, so far it has strength, and all these stones resemble a cluster of bees, surrounding their king. But, lest so rich a treasure might be made of little account, nature has not only concealed it in the most occult bowels of

the earth, but even given it a particular faculty of escaping the hands of the searcher, unless great precaution is used. Some call it the loadstone of gold, because it attracts that metal. It grows in that part of the Indies, where gold is ingendered, and, by the point of the decussation of the lines, this stone is capable of discovering the veins of this metal in the places where it is formed. Heliodorus, in his history of Theagenes and Caricles, says, that it preserves from fire those that carry it about them, and that Caricles was preserved by it, notwithstanding the fury and vengeance of Ariace, queen of Ethiopia; and it was held to be one of the first talismans Theagenes was possessed of in Egypt.

H A B I T,

According to doctor Reid, differs from *instinct*, not in its nature, but in its origin, the latter appearing perfect at once, the former being gradually acquired. Habit, he defines a facility of doing a thing, and a proneness to do it, acquired by doing it frequently. Every art furnishes instances both of the powers of habit, and of their utility, and none more than the commonest of all arts, the art of speaking. What is said on this last point is highly amusing. 'The art of a good speaker, if it were not more common, would appear more wonderful, than that a man could dance blindfold amid a thousand burning ploughshares without being burnt.' Without *instinct* a child would not live to become a man, and without *habit* a man would continue a child in power and understanding through life.

From

From the UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE, for September, 1796.

The following plain and primitive, but truly excellent letter appears to have been written about half a century ago, by a venerable clergyman in the country to his patron, a young baronet, in town. As the Vice which the good man so strongly inveighs against, is not less prevalent, nor less destructive at this period, than it was then, we trust that this letter may be productive of good effects, if casually taken up and perused by any person, who may have unfortunately imbibed a propensity to Gaming, before they are involved, beyond recovery, in these fatal calamities, of which our domestic annals afford but too numerous instances.

REFLECTIONS ON GAMING.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,

YOU will forgive an old friend, who has troubled you now and then with something like advice, if he should do so once more, now there seems to be particular occasion for it. You say, in your last, that you are two thousand pounds the poorer this year, for play. I am sorry to hear it, with all my heart, for we people in the country look upon two thousand pounds as a very serious matter; and had I not known you so well, I should have been much surpris'd to find, that you could write so gaily, on losing such a vast sum as that.

I know you gentlemen of the town look on gaming only as an idle and weak thing at the worst; but I have long considered it as one of the greatest *sins* I know of. You will forgive an old parson for using a word, which, they tell me, is almost grown out of fashion.

Will you give me leave to tell you why I look on gaming as so very wicked a thing? It is, because I think it may make a very bad man of a very good one.

I know your temper very well, and am sure, that, naturally, you were much inclined to do good, and very desirous to have a good name in the world. You were of a sweet disposition from a boy; and I have seen you give sixpence to a poor old man, when

you had but twopence more left in your pocket. How then can you go on to be so fond of a thing, that may, in time, render you unwise, inglorious, ungenerous, unmerciful and unjust.

I know you will laugh, and say, I am preaching to you. Well, that, you know, is my profession; and I shall never be ashamed of it. But how does play do all these things I have been talking of? Why, if you please, I will tell you; and that in a few words too, though I am so old a man.

Any one's manners must be tinged a good deal with the company he keeps. Now the groom-porter's itself, as I take it, is not a place to learn much wisdom in. The lowest sort of gamesters are as weak men (take them out of cards and dice) as ever I met with; and a man who games much will be apt, sometimes, to fall in even with these, rather than stand out; and, consequently, into conversations that are far enough from being improving.

As to reputation, the character of a gamester will certainly be allowed to be one of the worst in the world; and though the world is so bad, there never yet was a man in it, generally esteemed for being a gamester, that I know of. If there has, things have grown worse since I was last in town; which was at king George the first's coronation.

I beg

I beg you to recollect (for I know your good disposition) how often you have been willing to relieve some worthy person, whom you saw in distress, and could not do it because the dice had run against you a night or two before. In each of these instances it was the dice that made you not generous, where you wanted to be so with all your heart.

When an income is made too little for any gentleman, by play, his poor tenants in the country must be driven the harder to pay their rents, when wanted; and the rents, in general, must be racked as high as possible, to supply the annual demands of the gaming-table; and both these, I fear, often in a manner that may be too fairly called unmerciful.

Where gaming swallows up good part of an income, as gaming debts must be paid first, most other debts will be suffered to stand too long.—The true value of money in trade consists a good deal in the circulation of it; and if tradesmen's debts are of long continuance, there must be an injustice somewhere. Either they charge no more than they should to a quick payer, and then you are unjust to them, in keeping them out of their money so long; or they will charge you more than the proper value of the goods, and then you are the occasion of injustice to yourself.

So that all the things that I said, I think, are true; but the point, I own, which grieves me most, is, that so excellent a turn of mind, as I know to be in you, should be rendered of no effect by such pitiful means. I have just been computing, what a vast deal of good you might have done the last year past; all which you have let slip out of your hands, without adding any thing either to your character or your happiness. I shall just trans-

cribe the account I have been making, and then be your very humble servant.

An account of what might have been done by sir Charles —, for the benefit and happiness of mankind, in the year 1743.

£.

To apprenticing out the two sons of a foldier, that fought bravely and was killed in the battle of Dettingen,	40
To a poor clergyman that had bred up a large family on a living of 15 <i>l.</i> a-year,	105
To a portion for five young maids, on the day of their marriage with honest tradesmen,	100
To the cloathing & schooling of ten boys,	100
To apprenticing out fourteen boys and six girls,	200
To setting-up four young men just out of their time, in their proper trades,	150
Loan to poor tradesmen, without interest, for three years, each,	200
To officers' children, left in distress,	250
To a decayed gentleman of birth and merit,	300
To a gentlewoman, whose father, being a gamester, left her without any fortune, to buy her an annuity of 30 <i>l.</i> a year for her life,	300
Charities to fundry persons discovered to be secretly pining in poverty and distress,	255

Total, £.2000

Instead of this, as I apprehend, in your present account, it must all stand under one article, thus:

For the year 1743.

To cards and dice, £.2000
Ah!

Ah! sir Charles, let me intreat you to compare these two very different accounts together, and to weigh the one against the other. Had you had the happiness to follow the former, what a pleasure it must have given you, every time you looked it over, to consider, how far you had gone, in one year, toward making so many worthy distressed persons happy for *their whole life!* What have you, in the stead of this, but the mortification—I will say no more, but leave you to fill it up yourself. Think of it a little, good sir Charles, if it be possible for you to sit down and think.—I have always loved you as if you were my own son. You gave me my living and have been ever good to me; and I could, methinks, give it all up again, to have the world speak well of you all round, as they do in most things already. When I hear any thing good of you, it is the comfort of my gray hairs; and when I hear any thing ill, I feel it here at my heart. If you should happen to send me word, this time twelvemonth, that you had disposed of only half the overplus of your income, in doing good, instead of sacrificing it all in this wretched way, I verily believe it would comfort me so much, that it would add two or three years to the declining life of, dear sir Charles, your most faithful and obliged humble servant to command.

RICHARD CRAWLEY.

ANECDOTE of BONNEVAL and CARDINAL RICHLIEU.

AT Lyons in France, during the administration of cardinal Richlieu, a gentleman named Bonneval, being condemned to death, as they were carrying him to execution, saw a courier belonging to the cardinal pass by. Bonneval told the officers

that he had a secret of the last importance to communicate to that courier, which concerned the state in general, and the minister in particular to whom he belonged: he obtained leave to speak to him, and when the courier approached, he told him, 'that he had a secret which he could not communicate to any but the cardinal himself.' The courier applied to the grand provost of the town, who remanded him back to prison: and the courier posted to Paris, and acquainted the cardinal, who ordered Bonneval directly to Paris.

When he was before the cardinal, who demanded of him what he had to reveal 'My Lord, said he, pardon the presumption of a man, who, on the brink of death, had no other way to escape the gulph before him—the sight of your courier just in that fatal moment put a design into my head which, before, I had not a thought of—I imposed on him and the grand provost, flattering myself, that, if I was permitted to come into your eminence's presence I should obtain favour; if not, at least I should die better pleased in having once in my life beheld the man whose fame the world is so full of.' The cardinal could not help admiring the ready wit of this man, and judging by his spirit in this, that he was capable of being serviceable in any other affair, committed to his care, he spoke to the king, Lewis the XIIIth, and obtained his pardon. Bonneval, being set at liberty, went to return thanks to his preserver, assuring him, that the life he had redeemed should be ever devoted to him: The cardinal, who perfectly knew mankind, approved of him, and afterwards employed him in many things, which he executed to his satisfaction.

[The

[*The novel of Cymon and Ephigenia is allowed to be the most striking instance of the power of beauty ever related: Mr. Dryden's poem founded on this story is well known; but as the original is read by very few, we have given a translation from the Italian of Boccaccio.*]

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

ACCORDING to the ancient histories of Cyprus, there lived in that island, a person of great rank and distinction, called Aristippus, by far the wealthiest person in all the country; and if he was unhappy in any one respect, it was, amongst his other children, in having a son, who though he exceeded most young people of his time in stature and comeliness, yet was he a perfect natural; his true name was Galeo; but as neither the labor nor skill of his master, nor the correction of his father were ever able to beat one letter into his head, or the least instruction of any kind, and as his voice and manner of speaking was strangely harsh and untouth; he was, by way of disdain, called only Cymon, which in their language signified *beast*. The father had long beheld him with infinite concern; and as all hopes were vanished concerning him, to remove also an object, which afforded constant matter of grief, out of his sight, he ordered him away to his country-house to be there with his slaves. This was extremely agreeable to Cymon, because people of that sort had been always most to his mind. He abiding there, and doing all sorts of drudgery pertaining to that kind of life; it happened one day, as he was going about noon-tide, with his staff upon his shoulder, from one farm to another, that he passed through a pleasant grove, which as it was then

the month of May, was all in its bloom; from whence, as his stars led him, he came into a meadow surrounded with tall trees, in one corner of which was a crystal spring, and upon the side of it upon the grass lay a most beautiful damsel asleep, clothed with a mantle so exceedingly fine and delicate, as scarce to conceal underneath the exquisite whiteness of her skin; only from her waist downwards she wore a white silken quilt; and at her feet were sleeping likewise two women and a man-servant. As soon as Cymon cast his eye upon her, as if he had never seen the face of a woman before, he stood leaning upon his staff, and began to gaze with the utmost astonishment, without speaking a word. When straightway in his rude uncivilized breast, which had hitherto been incapable of receiving the least impression of politeness whatsoever, a sudden thought arose, which seemed to intimate to his gross and shallow understanding, that this was the most agreeable sight that ever was seen. From thence he began to examine each part by itself, commending every limb and feature; and being now become a judge of beauty, from a mere idiot, he grew very desirous of seeing her eyes, on which account he was going several times to wake her; but as she so far excelled all other women that he ever saw, he was in doubt whether or no she was a mortal creature. This made him wait to see if she would awake of her own accord; and though that expectation seemed tedious to him, yet so pleasing was the object that he had no power to leave it.—After a long time she came to herself, and raising up her head, saw Cymon stand prope upon his stick before her, at which she wondered; and said, Cymon, what are you looking for, at this time of day? Now

he was known all over the country, as well for his own rusticity, as his father's nobility and great wealth. He made no answer, but stood with his eyes fixed upon hers, which seemed to dart a sweetness, that filled him with a kind of joy to which he had hitherto been a stranger; whilst she observing this, and not knowing what his rudeness might prompt him to, called up her women, and then said, Cymon, go about your business. He replied, I will go along with you. And though she was afraid, and would have shifted off his company, yet he would not leave her, till he had brought her to her own house. From thence he went home to his father, when he declared, that he would return no more into the country; which was very disagreeable to all his friends; but yet they let him alone, waiting to see what this change of temper could be owing to. Love thus having pierced his heart, when no lesson of any kind, could ever find admittance, in a little time, his way of thinking and behaviour were so far changed, that his father and friends were strangely surprised at it, as well as every body that knew him. First of all then, he asked his father to let him have cloaths, and every thing else like his brothers; to which the father very willingly consented. Whereupon conversing with young gentlemen of character, and observing their ways and manner of behaving, in a very short time, he not only got over the first rudiments of learning, but attained to some knowledge in philosophy. Afterwards, his love for Ephigenia being the sole cause of it, his rude and rustic speech was changed into a tone more agreeable and civilized; he grew also a master of music: and with regard to the military art, as well by sea as land, he became as expert and gallant as the best. In short, not to

run over all his excellencies, before the expiration of his fourth year from his being first in love, he turned out the most accomplished young gentleman, in every respect, that ever Cyprus could boast of. Cymon nevertheless refused to be called Galeso, remembering that Ephigenia had stiled him Cymon; and being desirous of bringing that affair to an happy conclusion, had often requested her in marriage of her father, who made answer, that he had already promised her to one Pasimunda, a young nobleman of Rhodes, and that he intended not to fail of his word.

(To be Continued.)

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Taken from a Collection of Essays, entitled "Variety."

SIR,

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear, will, at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders.—Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness,

unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes: I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parent's, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*; which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag, would make a Nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness & delight, whether the change of climate might

affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward, and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters:—) From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and, though I wished to accept their offered friendship; I have repeatedly excused myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits; my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day, with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas at Friendly-hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait I have for some time

time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who "teaches grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly, but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position. I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number I believe is very small.—The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young

ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished, with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which, made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes; came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an ink-laid table on the Turkey-carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table.—Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning

burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident, rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my cloaths, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another

water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was ordered me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel! whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure

venture shall be mentioned : perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I *feel* on the occasion, they will spare a *bashful man*, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

MONGRELL MORRELL.

T H E

TWIN-BROTHERS of MEZZORANIA.

A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

From 'The Varieties of Literature.'

(Concluded from page 143.)

HIS elder brother, who had given her the full-blown flower at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other ! As soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced, that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favor two lovers at once. He, however, concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake had happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

Venus herself, attended by the graces, could not have shone more lovely than Berilla—for thus was

the damsel called. Her form was noble and majestic ; and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than she exclaimed : " I am deceived ! Thou knowest my innocence, O almighty sun !"—She was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee : I know that thou art innocent.—Her mother and the servants were fetched to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said : " Unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonored ! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts ; and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress !" On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father, himself oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. " O my father, said she, am I still worthy of thee ?"—" That thou art, he replied, thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirit, added he with sighs, I know thy innocence." The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene ; they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

In the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived : at least so far as to be able to reply to some questions

questions that were made her. She declared, that the first, who led her to the altar was the person that made impression on her heart; that she, presently after, as she believed, accepted from him the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his; that thereupon she wore the full-blown flower; but she was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given her. She concluded by saying, that she was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and to submit to any punishment they should think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left to the decision of the pophar, or prince of the country. The cause was propounded in presence of him and the elders. The likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely to be distinguished asunder. The prince asked, which of the two it was that led her to the altar? The eldest replied, that it was he. Berilla confessed, that indeed he pleased her at first; but the impression he made on her was but slight. Upon this it was asked, who gave the first flower? and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that: but shortly after, her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared less amiable to her than before; however, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge was, that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked steadfastly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The pophar interrogated the young lady, whether, at the time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was

giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed that she did; but likewise declared, that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would chuse if the election were now freely left to herself? She blushed: and, after a few moments of consideration, replied: "The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me;" at the same time darting him a look, that betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes the judgment he was going to pronounce: but particularly the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the prince addressed himself to Berilla with a stern and gloomy countenance: "Thy misfortune, or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee for ever from possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each of them an incontestible right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee, and that is, if one of them will forego his pretensions. And now, my sons, continued he, what have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own satisfaction to the happiness of his brother?" They both made answer, that they would sooner lose their lives. The prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said: "Thy case excites my compassion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, till one of thy lovers shall change his opinion or die."

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the state of celibacy was a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly

My was about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself on his knees before the judge: "I implore your patience for a moment, said he, I will rather sacrifice my right, than see Berilla so severely doomed. Take her, O my brother; and may ye live long and happily together! And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has caused thee! This is the sole request I have to make thee." The assembly rose up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to stay. "Son, remain where thou art, said he, thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded. The damsel is thine: for, by this sacrifice, thou hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her!"

They were married shortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by this decree.

Extract from 'TRAVELS into different parts of EUROPE in the year 1791, and 1792,' by JOHN OWEN.—A new publication.

"The general complaint at Strasbourg was want of money. Nothing is to be found in circulation but paper and copper. "Tout iroit bien," said an old man, "Si on avoit de l'argent." At all the shops, the greatest apprehensions are entertained of being paid for their merchandize in paper. This, amongst each other, they are obliged to admit; but in their intercourse with strangers, they struggle very hard for specie.

"I turned into the shop of a *Marchande de modes* to purchase some articles. The bargain was struck, the several particulars wrapped up, and I was searching in my pocket

for the money; when observing me draw out some paper by accident, she laid immediate hold upon the packet I had purchased, and demanded with haste, "Allez-vous me payer en papier, Monsieur?" "Si fait," said I. "Eh bien donc," replied she, "je garderai ma marchandise." I soon relieved her of the anxiety she felt, and brought a glow upon her cheek, by counting out upon the table the sum agreed. This is indeed the greatest—I had almost said the only—grievance that I have discovered among them; and they scruple not to predict, that the very favorable sale of the national domains will raise the credit of their paper, and give them as much money as they have liberty.

"I must assure you, that I found the state of the people in this part of France very different from what it had been represented. At Mannheim and Worms, reports prevailed of the most serious tumults now reigning in France; and we were more than once cautioned against trusting ourselves amongst a *canaille*, who would hang us up at the lamp-post for a word or a look. This statement has so little connexion with truth, that every thing passes with the utmost order; and, so far as I can judge from observation and report, freedom of remark encounters less danger here than at the court of Mannheim. Nothing could surpass the strictness which prevailed in every quarter where the fugitive nobility are received; and if I might draw conclusions respecting the country at large from what I see around me, restraint of opinion is exiled with those who owed to its existence their guilty pre-eminence.

"The day after our arrival was rendered festive by a new enrollment of national guards. This was formed

ed out of the citizens over the age of eighteen years, and was effected without the least symptom of disorder. Beside the guard thus regularly embodied, the citizens are seen every evening in different parts of the town, learning, against an emergency, the use of arms. It certainly is animating to read, in a thousand conspicuous places, proclamations setting forth the right of private judgment; allowing to every man the free exercise of his opinion in matters of religion: and establishing to each individual the liberty of adopting that mode of worship he best approves.

'This would, however, be nugatory and ridiculous, were the slightest encouragement given to contumacy and disorder. This has been said out of the country; but the contrary has appeared wherever I have enquired. I read upon the door of the cathedral at Strasbourg an advertisement, which stated, "That a young man having behaved improperly in the cathedral during the performance of divine service; and, after admonition from the centinel, persisted in a conduct *unbecoming the solemnity of the place, and occasion,* was, by the officers of the police, sentenced to imprisonment for this *insult offered to religious worship.*" This accords but ill with a toleration of disorder.'

AFFECTING HISTORY of TWO SISTERS.

(Concluded from page 149.)

THE faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude over the grave of his gallant master—and, journeying to Canterbury with a bursting heart, presented himself before the abbot, with such a countenance as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion; though the emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!

Isabella, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude and resignation which her piety alone could inspire: and, as soon as her mind was more fortified, she communicated her final resolution to her sister.

When the lady abbess saw her sister, she found her still more confirmed in her determination to enter into a monastic life: and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, she took the veil in the convent where Frances resided.

Isabella found in religion the only consolation for her past misfortunes. The two sisters enjoyed all that heart-felt pleasure which arises from rooted friendship—and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the sisterhood.

After these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life.

During her illness, she made a private vow to the Blessed Virgin Mary, that, if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her at a little port called Bradslow, or Broad-stairs, in the isle of Thanet; and in which her image was esteemed to work such miracles, that pilgrims came from parts very remote to visit it—and all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their top-sails.

fails, to salute it. The feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there; with great solemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the Virgin, determined the abbess to go herself and fulfil her vow.

Isabella obtained permission to accompany her sister in this devout journey; and, the roads being little frequented in that age, they put themselves, with two attendants, on board a passage sloop—but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose. Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the Thames, knows how difficult it is rendered by the many banks of sand that obstruct it.

To pursue their course was impracticable: they therefore attempted to save themselves by running in on the shore, at a little place called Reculver, a small village of great antiquity, on the border of the isle of Thanet; but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly whereabout they were. Every endeavor to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it; and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the Horse, that lies a little off from Reculver.

The surprise and confusion that must naturally rush into the minds of people who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be felt by those who have stood in so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to God, to his tutelar saint. The mariners hoisted out their long-boat as precipitately as they could—and that which most agitated the thoughts of Frances and Isabella

was the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarcely was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it; for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours—and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The captain, almost by force, dragged the lady abbess and her sister, from the cabin—and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those already in the boat, finding they must all perish if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore.

—The only faint hope which now remained to those on board was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtained from the shore: which they still flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reached the land—which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk.

But it was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any durst venture out—when, the storm abating, with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat put off to the wreck. When those who went to assist got to it, they found the people refuged in different places beneath the deck, great part of which was broken away. Isabella had remained in the cabin, one side of which was washed off, and the room half filled with water; she was almost exhausted by the terrors and hardships she had sustained; yet life seemed to flush anew in her countenance on hearing that her sister was preserved.

—As soon as they brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, and conducted to the house where the lady abbess was. Frances, transported at the first sight of her sister, ran out to meet Isabella, who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her,

but

but sunk down, overpowered, in the arms of her attendants. Frances clasped her hand in eager joy, would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon. She received every assistance that could be procured—but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

Frances, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her sister, her own sufferings. She often accused herself, as the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. Isabella chid her for thinking so; declaring it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted.—‘Though we came into the world together,’ says she, ‘yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union.—I rejoice that I am not the survivor.—I die where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of sisters.—Pray for the repose of my soul;—and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own,—that one grave may in death hold our remains, who in life had but one heart.’

The loss of Isabella plunged the lady Abbess into that deep distress, which minds, formed like hers, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel. She caused the body of her unfortunate sister to be deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of Saint Benedict,—bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the sisterhood.—

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction,

Frances failed not to transmit her intended offering to the Virgin of Broad-Stairs,—accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of Isabella’s soul. And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her sister—as well as to direct mariners in their course—she caused an ancient church, that stood on a rising ground just above the village of Reculver, to be restored and enlarged,—and erected two spiral towers at the end thereof; which she directed should be called **THE SISTERS**;—and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea mark of great utility.—

She survived Isabella eleven years, & died most sincerely and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.—

Her remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank & office.—A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross,—and beneath it a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.—

LEONORA, OR THE CONTENDING FAMILIES:

AN HEROIC TALE.

LEONORA was the daughter of count Gomez, a nobleman of Castile, who served against the Moors in the reign of Don Ferdinand. This lady was remarkable for her beauty and understanding; but, above all, for her filial affection. She had been taken captive by the Moors, and was happily rescued from them by Carlos the son of Don Diego of Seville, a youth justly

justly distinguished for his amiable person, magnanimity, and the success of his arms. A mortal and ancient hatred had subsisted between the two families, when Carlos preserved Leonora from the fury of the enemy. When she returned to court, she recited the account of his heroism with such praises to the king, that he bid her name the honors with which she would wish to reward him. Animated on this occasion to shew her gratitude, though conscious of her houses hate, she begged his royal favor would rank him in the field next her father.

The king complied, and desired Carlos might receive the honor from her own hands. A mutual regard immediately commenced between them, and the ancient hate of their houses had seemed to be quite forgotten, till Don Sanchez, one of the courtiers, jealous of the king's favors towards them, and being in love with Leonora himself, seized the first occasion to re-kindle the ancient malice of the families: for this purpose he went to count Gomez, and, in the course of conversation, complained, in the severest terms, of the meanness of that nobleman's making peace with his inveterate enemy, old count Don Diego.—'Cowards with cunning,' said he, 'are too strong for heroes, and since you press me to unfold my thoughts, I grieve to see your spirit so broken, your just resentment, by vile arts of courts, beguiled and melted to resign your terror.—He has done this openly to take your honors from you;—for know he is your worst of foes.'

Count Gomez was so perplexed between doubts and fears, that he determined to enquire further into the affair.—He immediately met Don Diego, and hastily accused him with his treachery—with the meanness of his soul, and his fer-

vile arts respecting the king.—Diego was astonished at this language, and haughtily told him to use his superior with more respect. The name of superior roused the resentment of count Gomez, who, in the height of his anger, gave him a violent blow, which almost deprived him of his senses; but Don Diego, soon recovering himself, drew his sword. Gomez followed his example, and disarmed his antagonist.

Carlos immediately, on hearing the clank of swords, flew to the place where he saw his aged father lying breathless and disarmed. He directly had him conveyed to the palace. When Don Diego recovered, he told his son what had happened, and charged him to revenge the insult.—Don Carlos was all amazement; he loved Leonora, and for her sake was unwilling to raise his hands against her father.—He therefore went calmly to him, & intreated him once more to be reconciled: count Gomez would not hearken to his request, but vowed eternal vengeance against his family.

Exasperated at this provocation, Carlos agreed to meet him the next day behind the ramparts. Leonora, hearing in the mean time of the intended duel, was almost distracted, between love and duty. She determined, if he killed her father, to pursue him with the severest justice; and if her father gained the victory, not to survive her lover.

Such were her thoughts, when on a sudden she heard a dismal cry of the populace, and flying to the place from whence the noise proceeded, she saw her father borne by the people to a neighbouring convent, to all appearance dead. She flew to the place, and fainted on the body, but, by the interposition of the attendants, was removed to
the

the palace, where she had no sooner recovered, than she threw herself on her knees before the king, and intreated him, by all the laws of honor, to give Don Carlos up to justice as the murderer of her father.

Don Diego met her in the presence, and equally intreated, for the life of his son. After the monarch had heard them for some time, he promised that Leonora should be justified, and for that purpose he would that day call his court together, and Carlos should be tried by them. Leonora was somewhat satisfied with the answer, and retired.

In spite of the wrongs she had sustained, the unhappy lady still felt a strong prepossession in favor of Don Carlos, and, though she pleaded powerfully against him, yet she secretly wished her cause might fail, and dreaded his being condemned by the king; however, she would have gone so far as to sacrifice her peace to her filial resentment.

The day of trial came, and Leonora met Don Carlos and his father in the court. The king urged her to proceed in her charge, which she did in the most determined manner against Carlos. The prince, having heard her some time, told her it was impossible to inflict a punishment on the man who had been the protector of his crown, and who had already gained such honor by his victory over the Moors.

Sanchez, who was present at this time, and apprehended they were going to be reconciled, acquainted the monarch, if he thought proper, there was yet a way to decide the fate of Carlos by a single combat, and he would undertake to be the champion of Leonora.

The king reluctantly consented, the lists were formed, and Sanchez and Carlos met, the latter was victor,

and threw his antagonist on the earth disarmed.

'Live, Sanchez, said the generous Carlos; 'the life that fights Leonora's cause is sacred, take back your sword, at her feet present the glorious trophy, which her charms have won.'

Sanchez, touched with the nobleness of his soul, determined no longer to pursue him with his vengeance, and, embracing him, flew to acquaint Leonora with the success of the generous youth. When she heard it, she exclaimed—'Oh, love! oh, persecuted heart! Instruct me, Heaven, to right my passion and revere my father—still, Sanchez, he has killed my father; therefore in me it would be impious to reward his victories. No—to some sacred cloister I'll retire, and dedicate my future days to Heaven.'

At this instant an express arrived from Ferdinand to desire Leonora might attend him at the palace immediately. Ferdinand, as soon as he saw her, addressed her in the following manner: 'Leonora, your father lives, he lives in health—I have seen him and embraced him—Go find Don Carlos—raise his dejected spirits with the news, and bring him to the court—Leonora fainted with excess of joy. When she recovered, she proceeded with Don Carlos to the royal apartments where her father attended. Their joy and wonder were not to be expressed. Gomez had entirely recovered of his wounds, by the tender and skilful care of the Abbot, to whose convent he had been conveyed by the populace.

They now forget all injuries past; Gomez joined the hands of Carlos and Leonora, and tranquillity was once more restored to two noble families, which had been at enmity for a series of years.

DESCRIPTION of the HIGH MASS at ROME.

From Owen's Travels.

HIGH mass was, on the day of the nativity, performed by the pope at St. Peter's, where, on this occasion, there is no admittance but in full dress—for his holiness, though styling himself the "servant of servants," will not play off his holiday farces to any thing but bags and swords. In the different stages of this ceremonial, the attitudes of the sovereign pontiff were as ridiculous and varied as those of a posture-master. They placed him in a low chair—stripped him to his flannel waistcoat, and seemed disposed to shew him every indignity. This, as I imagined, for it was pantomime throughout, was to picture to us the humility of the Saviour. They did not, however, suffer him to continue long in this state of degradation. He was soon restored to his former splendor; and paraded before us, as we knelt, displaying his handsome leg and slipper, with much apparent satisfaction. I happened to be posted in an avenue which led to the grand altar, and, therefore, had an opportunity of observing closely every thing which was conveyed backwards and forwards by the numerous priests who attended. It was truly ludicrous to see five or six men in surplices, carrying, with great solemnity, as many dishes of dressed up napkins, and meeting an equal number, who were, with the same religious grimace, carrying off those that had been used.

I will not dissemble the weariness I felt at the length of these ceremonies. His holiness was, it must be acknowledged, an admirable actor; but the cardinals did not support their parts with so good a grace; and a degree of coldness

and indifference pervaded the generality of the spectators—evidently portending some great approaching change. Devotion is certainly much on the decline. Subjects are handled in general conversation, which have little alliance with credulity and submission. In short, the pillars of papal tyranny seem loosening apace; and its ultimate subversion is an event which cannot long be delayed. In the present situation of things, the energy operating from within will be assisted by a powerful *impetus* from without; the majesty of papal Rome is unquestionably and irrevocably doomed to fall, and great will be the fall of it.

SOLUTION to the QUESTION proposed in our last.

"OUR Saviour was crucified between two thieves. Does this allude to any particular custom amongst either the Romans or the Jews?"

A.—Crucifixion was a Roman, not a Jewish punishment; and Pilate was the Roman governor, at that time, in Jerusalem. It does not appear, from the history of this fact in the Evangelists, that he would either have judged or condemned Jesus if the Jews had not accused him of being an enemy to Cæsar: which was a state affair, and therefore he was obliged to take notice of it.—For they said to him, *If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: Whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Cæsar.* And as treason was thought by him a greater crime than theft, and the middle place being ever deemed the chief of its kind; I suppose this was the reason that Pilate ordered our Saviour to be crucified between the two thieves,

POETRY,

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

A VERSIFICATION OF THE LORD'S
PRAYER.

GREAT father of Mankind! to thee
We every blessing owe;
Thou art the grand Almighty source,
From whence all comforts flow.

With fervent zeal, and grateful love,
We dore thy holy name;
And with the Saints in Heav'n above,
We celebrate thy fame.

Let peace around creation spread
Its influence divine;
And, as in heav'n, thy holy seat,
On earth thy goodness shine.

Each day bestow upon us, Lord!
Whate'er our wants demand;
And breathe content within our breasts,
Thus succour'd by thy hand.

Teach us to feel another's woe,
And all his faults forgive;
That day by day, in acts of love,
We may increasing live.

Extend to all the human race,
Thy providential care;
Remove us from the paths of sin,
Of misery and despair.

Save us, O God; from every ill,
From all temptation free;
Incline our hearts, with ardent zeal,
To praise and worship thee.

And oh! thou great Omniscient cause!
Whose arm sustains the earth;
And who, from Chaos dark, call'd forth,
And gave creation birth!

To thee, the only source of good,
All glory, praise are due;
From all that dwell upon the earth,
The host angelic too.

J. B.

SELECTED.

ADVICE TO MIRA.

P RYTHEE, Mira, tell me why
Marriage joys you thus defy?
Is it, that you think your charms
Are secure 'gainst Time's alarms?
Mira, know, in that fair face,
Wrinkles soon will claim a place;
Know that tongue, whose Syren strain,
Pleases with extatic pain;
Those eyes, whose lustre all admire,
Setting ev'ry heart on fire;
Every charm and every grace,
Must, at last, to time give place!
Vainly then, mistaken fair!
Thou deck'st thy form with so much care;
E'en thy bosom-friend, the glass,
Warns thee how the minutes pass:
For look again! and tell me now,
Do'st thou, Mira, younger grow?
Blooms thy face (tho' fair, 'tis true,
As Nature's pencil ever drew)
With the same Hebeian air
As when in thy sixteenth year?
What, silent!—do not, lovely maid,
Be by flatt'ring fops betray'd!
Thus to lose the precious hours,
All-consuming Time devours;
Nor let them pass unheeded by,
But catch, ah! catch them as they fly?
Leave too thy mean coquettish arts,
Baits too weak for manly hearts,
And accept a swain, whose love,
You and virtue must approve.

CONNAL AND MARY.

By Miss Tomlins

BY Yarrow stream, that glides along,
Whose banks the wild-thyme sweetly
covers,

Thus Connal rais'd his mournful song;
By Yarrow, fam'd for faithful lovers:

'Farewel!' he cried; 'a long farewell!

'Farewel to hope and joy for ever;

'For hope and joy can never dwell

'Beside the waves that lovers sever!

'With

' With Mary I have pass'd the day,
 ' Beside this stream in murmurs flowing ;
 ' With Mary I have lov'd to stray
 ' Amid the wild-thyme sweetly blowing.

 ' For her my little flock I left ;
 ' For Mary, at the midnight hour,
 ' My eye-lids were of sleep bereft ;
 ' My footsteps wander'd round her bower.

 ' For her it was, at dawning day,
 ' The sweetest flow'rs of spring I blended ;
 ' For her, at noon-tide's scorching ray,
 ' The lambs and frolick kids I tended.

 ' I form'd a wreath for Mary's hair,
 ' Of all my little garden's treasure ;
 ' And when that wreath she deign'd to wear,
 ' Alas ! can words express my pleasure ;

 ' Methinks that gentle look I see,
 ' Which once she cast to ease my sorrow ;
 ' I see it yet, tho' lovely she
 ' Forgot it e'er the dawning morrow.

 ' Those happy days she has forgot,
 ' Forgotten are my restless hours ;
 ' Forgotten is the rural spot
 ' Where Mary wore that wreath of
 flowers.

 ' She has forgot the silver tide,
 ' The tide of Yarrow gently flowing ;
 ' And Mary is another's bride,
 ' Where sweeter flowers than mine are
 blowing.

 ' Blow sweet, ye flowers, where'er she be ;
 ' Ye streams, in gentler murmurs languish ;
 ' But whisper not the charming she,
 ' That my fond heart now breaks with
 anguish.

 ' Could Mary see that breaking heart,
 ' Each tender wish for her discover ;
 ' The tear of pity, void of art,
 ' Would deeper wound her faithful lover.

 ' When this fond breast shall cease to feel,
 ' When this fond heart shall cease to
 flutter ;
 ' When down these cheeks no tear shall
 steal,
 ' And these cold lips no sounds shall utter :

 ' Let not reflection tell my love
 ' How oft she vow'd to be my marrow
 Let not her footsteps ever rove,
 ' Along the silent banks of Yarrow.

' Perhaps, if near the favour'd spot
 ' Where once her vows to me she plighted,
 ' My ceaseless truth, my early lot,
 ' In artless strains should be recited.

 ' She might forget that every sigh,
 ' That every tear of love and sorrow
 ' That glisten'd in that charming eye,
 ' From others rights she now must borrow.

 ' O may she never hear my woe !
 ' Nor Fame's loud tongue the tale dis-
 cover ;
 ' Let no rude stone to Mary shew
 ' The sod that wraps her clay-cold lover.

 ' Beneath the turf, where once she rov'd,
 ' This faithful heart shall cease to languish ;
 ' Beside the bank where once she lov'd,
 ' Soon shall this breast forget it's anguish !

His dying lips their task deny ;
 He ceas'd his tale, his tale of sorrow :
 Cold was his breast, and clos'd his eye,
 Beside the flowing wave of Yarrow.

CONSOLATION.

THROUGH the toils of a troublesome
 world,
 Where, O, where shall I seek for repose !
 While its bolts are vindictively hurl'd,
 To undo me with numberless woes ?

 To thy arms, O, my fairest ! I'll fly,
 There unbosom the pangs of my breast ;
 There breathe out the sorrow-forc'd sigh,
 There hush my sad soul into rest,

 While I lean on the down of my dove,
 All absorb'd in the flow of her charms,
 Then my sorrows are melted to love,
 And I'm rapture itself in her arms.

 When I pour out a torrent of woe,
 When I fill her fond heart with distress,
 Streams of pity her eyes overflow,
 And her sympathy's instant redress.

 Yes !—thy beauty, Myrica, alone,
 Is a balm for the punctures of grief ;
 It can still the sharp notes of a groan,
 And give anguish a fight of relief.

 When my soul is with sorrow oppress'd,
 When my heart is with bitterness torn ;
 When I lose ev'ry shade of a rest,
 And on waves of affliction am borne ;
 Thy

Thy smiles beam a ray on despair,
Shed a hope on the sorrowful mind;
Wipe away the remains of a tear,
Leaving nothing but pleasure behind.

Through the toils of a troublesome world,
There O, there, will I seek for repose!
While its bolts are vindictively hurl'd
Thy compassion unedges its woes.

ON AN URN,

*Dug up out of an old Roman burial
ground.*

TRIFLING mortal, tell me why
Thou hast disturb'd my urn?
Want'st thou to find out what am I?
Vain man, attend and learn!

What glittering honors or high trust
Once dignified me here,
Were characters impress'd on dust,
Which quickly disappear.

Nor will the sparkling atoms show
A Clodius or a Guelph:
Vain search! if here the source thou'dst
know
Of nobles or thyself.

The mould will yield no evidence,
By which thou may'st divine,
If lords or beggars issu'd thence,
And fill'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth,
Condition, honors, name;
All are but made of common earth,
The substance just the same.

Bid avarice and ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains;
Themselves and their possessions too
A gillion-pot contains.

Haste! lift thy thoughts from earthly
things
To more substantial bliss,
And leave that groveling pride to kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.

Let Virtue be thy radiant guide,
'Twill dignify thy clay;
And raise thy ashes glorified,
When suns shall fade away.

To know what letters spelt my name,
Is useless quite to thee:
'An heap of dust is all I am,
'And all that thou shalt be.'

Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure it's grains, or weigh;
Canst thou the titles which I bore
Distinguish in the clay?

On the Death of a young FRIEND.

WHEN the world's various scenes we've
trod,
How apt its *bliss* to cloy!
Sure proof that only thou, O God,
Can'st give us real joy.

But when, indeed, much more of pain
Is mingled with our bliss,
To think of joy, alas, how vain,
In such a world as this!

If 'mongst the sculptur'd tombs we range,
And trace our gloomy way,
How true—'There's nothing new or
strange
In death of young or gay!'

Then while I know this awful truth,
'Nor wealth, nor beauty's charms,
Nor virtue pure, nor gayest youth,
Can stay death's stretcht-out arms.'

Teach me, O God, by virtue's laws
To form of life my plan;
Despising empty vain applause,
So much pursu'd by man.

By practice teach me soon to know
Each excellence of the mind;
And cause my selfish heart to glow
With love of all mankind.

Thus thro' life's paths by virtue led,
Grant I may happy be;
And when I quit death's awful bed,
Celestial glories see.

Then, too, behold those *pitied* friends
For whom we shed the tear;
But who, for *best and wisest ends*,
Lest us afflicted here.

Mid sorrows now no more they stand,
Nor feel life's grievous pains;
But join with heav'n's angelic band
In ever-praising strains.

A Verification

A Versification of DAVID'S Lamentation over SAUL and JONATHAN.

THY glory, Israel, and thy beauty
mourn!

'Tis vanish'd; never, never to return.

Ah! who in feeble mortals strength would
trust?

Whose glory is so near ally'd to dust.

Oh! tell it not in Gath's triumphant gate,

Nor in the streets of Askelon relate;

Lest Capthor's daughters should insulting
cry,

Their Dagon conquers him who rules the
sky.

Oh! fatal Gilboa! where my friend was
slain,

No dew to thee descend, or kindly rain!

No corn or wine thy blasted surface yield.

Accurst and burnt as Sodom's steril field.

For there was lost the warrior's mighty
shield.

The shield of Saul was lost; his sacred
head,

(Tho' the blest oil around his temples
shed)

Profan'd and mingled with the vulgar
dead.

Thy bow, my friend, was never drawn in
vain,

Thine arrows drank the blood of thousands
slain.

What armies fell by Saul's victorious sword,
Too faithful now to its despairing lord.

Princely his stature, charming was his
air;

With him alone could Jonathan compare,
Lovely in life, in death too near ally'd;
Not death itself their friendship could di-
vide.

Fleeter than eagles cut their airy way,
Stronger than lions, when they seize their
prey.

Mourn all ye loves! ye tender virgins
mourn,

Your flow'ry wreaths to cypress garlands
turn.

Mourn your lov'd monarch's lamentable
fate,

On whom so oft your charming choir did
wait,

As he from fight return'd in regal state.

For you he conquer'd; you did with him
share

The wealth of peace, and glorious spoils of
war,

Lay by your purple robes from Sidon's
shore,

And wear your splendid coronets no more;
For Saul, who gave them, gen'rous Saul
is lost,

And obscure shades receive his mighty
ghost.

How are the mighty fall'n! their strength
in vain!

Oh! Jonathan, thou wast in battle slain,
Stretch'd on cold earth, thy lifeless limbs are
cold:

Nor those dear eyes must I again be-
hold.

Oh! Jonathan! how shall I thee com-
mend?

My more than brother, and my more than
friend.

My life! my Jonathan! and can we
part?

I feel thy loss hang heavy on my heart.

With mortal anguish is my soul oppress'd;

I wear thy bleeding image on my breast.

Thy friendship did the tenderest love ex-
cel,

'Twas like thyself, 'twas all a miracle.

A pure, a constant, and celestial fire,

Beyond the softer sex's frail desire.

How are the mighty fall'n! their fate
deplorable!

Thy sword, thy shield and spear, oh Israel,
are no more.

On the Marriage of a Blind Couple

HYMEN his torch ne'er lighted,

These turtle-doves to mark;

Who, *for'd*, by Hymen slighted,

Thus wedded in the dark.

This pair, when first connected,

No pleasure had in view;

Yet Cupid ne'er selected

A couple *match'd* more true.

Reciprocal their bliss,

No discord e'er prevailing;

What day *can* come amiss,

Each "*blind to t'other's failing*."

PREMATURE WRINKLES.

MIRA in youth so very often frowned;
That not a single lover could be found.

Wrinkled at thirty her once beauteous face,
See her divested of each youthful grace.

Hence, maidens, learn, whilst Mira's fate ye
mourn,

That *frowns* in youth will soon to *WRIN-*
KLES turn.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

STATE PAPERS.

DECLARATION

Of the Elector of Hanover to the diet of Ratisbon, on the subject of the imperial rescript, of the 17th of October, 1796.

The minister of Hanover has declared to Mr. De Hingel, the imperial commissioner,

"That his imperial majesty has directly required his majesty the king of Great Britain and elector of Hanover, to furnish a new proof of his marked attachment to the Germanic constitution, by giving a great example, and acting efficaciously in concert with the diet of Ratisbon, not only that he may be rated for a sufficient quantity of Roman months, but by paying up all that remains due of his quota. It was declared at the same time that it was necessary the number of Roman months should exceed a hundred.

"His Britannic majesty has replied to his imperial majesty that he would not, nor was he able to anticipate the resolutions of his co-estates, and that he was not at present in circumstances which permitted him to answer the demand which was made. That since the period when the last Roman months were granted, the system of the war had completely changed. That different states, holding of the empire, had made a separate peace, to avoid the total ruin with which their countries were threatened—That others had embraced neutrality for the protection of their subjects; and that the prosperity these states enjoyed

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proved that they attained a salutary object—That the affairs of the empire have assumed quite another aspect, and that the relations of his Britannic majesty, in his quality of elector and prince of the empire, were well known to be inconsistent with the imperial demands; that he cannot of course consent to the granting of new Roman months for the continuation of this unhappy war, still far less can he contribute directly, since the negotiations commenced at Paris, from which is expected a happy issue for the tranquility of Europe, and which are known to his imperial majesty, to avoid every proceeding that might give an unfavourable colour to his personal character.

NOTE

From lord Malmesbury to the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The court of London having been informed of what passed after the receipt of the last memorial delivered, by their order, to the minister for foreign affairs, find that there is not any thing whatever to be added to the answer made by the undersigned to the two questions which the directory thought proper to address to them.

They wait then, and with the greatest interest, for an explanation of the sentiments of the directory, with regard to the principle proposed, on their part, as the basis of the negotiation, and the adoption of which appeared to be the best means of accelerating the progress of a discussion so important to the happiness of so many nations.

The

The undersigned has, in consequence, received orders to renew the demand of a frank and precise answer on this object, in order that his court, may know, with certainty, whether the directory accept the said proposition; whether they desire to make any change or modifications whatever in it; or, lastly, whether they will propose any other principle that may promote the same end.

MALMSBURY.

Paris, Nov. 26, 1796.

ANSWER

*Of the Minister for Foreign Affairs,
to lord Malmesbury's Note.*

In answer to the note delivered yesterday, Nov. 26 (old style) by lord Malmesbury, the undersigned minister for foreign affairs, is instructed, by the executive directory, to observe, that the answers made on the 15th and 22d of last Brumaire, contained an acknowledgment of the principle of compensation, and that in order to remove every pretext for farther discussion on that point, the undersigned, in the name of the executive directory, now makes a formal and positive declaration of such acknowledgment. In consequence, lord Malmesbury is again invited to give a speedy and categorical answer to the proposition made to him on the 22d of last Brumaire, and which was conceived in these terms. "The undersigned is instructed by the executive directory, to invite you to point out with all possible expedition, and expressly, the objects of reciprocal compensation which you have to propose."

CHARLES DELACROIX."

7 Fremaire (Nov. 27.) 5th year.

NOTE

From lord Malmesbury in answer to the minister for Foreign Affairs, dated the 7th Fremaire, November 27.

The undersigned, minister plenipotentiary of his Britannic majesty, in answer to the note dated this morning, and which has been transmitted to him on the part of the minister for foreign affairs, hastens to assure him that he will not lose a moment in communicating it to his court, from which he must still expect further orders, before he can explain himself with respect to the important matter which it contains.

MALMSBURY.

Paris, Nov. 27, 1796.

Foreign Intelligence.

Stockholm, Nov. 10.

The marriage of the king with a princess of Russia we are assured is completely broken off, and that, listening only to his inclination, he is about to espouse the princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz. The empress of Russia has left nothing untried to break off this match. A pension to the German princess, as queen dowager of Sweden—500,000 roubles as a portion to the Russian princess, and an annual subsidy of 100,000 roubles, were to have been the price of the guardianship of the king, and the subjection of his realm. But these offers did not tempt the young monarch, who, when at Petersburg, shewed the greatest indifference to the *fetes* and compliments of the empress.

These

These circumstances have been followed by a closer connection between our court and the French republic. The baron de Stael and his lady, it is said, are immediately to take their departure for Paris.

Paris, 11 *Fremaire*, Dec. 1.

This time lord Malmfbury wears our patience a little with his new courier. Such a delay indicates that the cabinet of James's reckons, as well as that of Vienna, upon the attack which the latter is making in Italy. It is very evident, that if we were to be expelled from thence, a much more severe basis of compensation would be proposed to us.

London, November 30.

The reluctance of lord Malmfbury and Charles Delacroix to specify the particulars of the concessions which they mutually will agree to make, seems to resemble the conduct of the apothecary and the attorney, who mutually filed bills to compel each other to present their accounts, because they were afraid that he who made his demand first, would have a charge presented, by which his own, be it what it might, would have been exceeded.

December 5.

The fate of Mantua and of Italy seems at length to be decided; and Buonaparte, by a brilliant victory over the Austrians, has added another claim to the gratitude of his country and to the admiration even of his enemies.

PARIS.

ARMY OF ITALY.

Head-Quarters, Verona, Nov. 19.

General of division, chief of the etat-major, to general Baraguey d'Hilliers, commander in chief in Lombardy.

"At length, my dear general, after the most active manœuvres, the most obstinate battles for eight days, successively, we have broken general Alvinzi and his corps, whom we pursued to Vicenza.—Five thousand prisoners, 3,000 men killed or wounded, four standards, 12 pieces of cannon, are the fruits of these victories. Alvinzi is about to rally his troops behind the Brenta; Davidovich, who is ignorant of what is become of Alvinzi, remains on the right bank of the Adige. After having forced the division of Vaubois, and having advanced as far as Rivoli, we fear lest he should retire: should he remain in the same position, we have no doubt but he will be taken with the six thousand men whom he commands. Long live the army of Italy! Mantua will soon fall into the hands of the republicans.—Never was a battle fought with greater obstinacy. We had two generals mortally wounded, with five more, who we have hopes will recover, two aids-de-camp of the general in chief, and an adjutant-general, are killed. I have not time to add any thing more. We have more battles to fight. No repose until the enemy shall be totally annihilated.

ALEX. BERTHIER

Buonaparte

Buonaparte, commander in chief of the army of Italy, to the executive directory.

Head-quarters Verona, Nov. 19.

"Citizens Directors,

"I am so exhausted with fatigue that it is impossible for me to give you a detailed account of the various movements which preceded the battle of Arcola, which has decided the fate of Italy.

"On receiving information that field marshal Alvinzi, commanding the imperial army, was advancing to Verona, to effect a junction with the division of the army who are stationed in the Tyrolese, I filed along the Adige with the detachment under Angereau and Massena. During the night of the 24th, I ordered a bridge of boats to be constructed at Rouco, where we passed that river. I expected to arrive in the morning at Villa-Nova, and by that movement to take the enemy's park of artillery and baggage, and attack their army in front and rear. General Alvinzi's headquarters were at Caldéro. The enemy, however, who had received an intimation of my intention, sent a regiment of croates, and several Hungarian regiments, to the village of Arcola, which, from its local situation among the canals and marshes, was extremely strong.

"This village checked the progress of the advanced guard of the army for the whole day. In vain did all our generals, sensible of the necessity of dispatch, place themselves in the front of our columns to induce them to pass the small bridge of Arcola. Such a display of courage was not pro-

ductive of any benefit, and they were almost all wounded. Generals Verdier, Bon, Verne Lafne, had not an opportunity of acting; and Angereau seizing a standard, arrived at the extremity of the bridge: he remained several minutes without producing the least effect upon the troops. It was, however, necessary to pass this bridge, or make a circuit of several leagues, which would have defeated the object of our expedition: I advanced to the bridge myself, and asked the soldiers, if they still considered themselves as the conquerors of Lodi. My presence produced an instantaneous effect upon the troops, which determined me to attempt the passage.

"General Lafne, already wounded in two places, returned to the charge, and received a third wound still more dangerous.—General Vignolle was likewise wounded. We were obliged to desist from our attempt to force the village in front, and wait the arrival of a column commanded by general Guieux, whom I had dispatched by Albaredo. He arrived at night, took the village, four pieces of cannon, and several hundred prisoners. In this interval, general Massena attacked a division (which the enemy had detached from head-quarters on our left) which he threw into confusion, and routed completely.

"It had been thought expedient to evacuate, during the night, the village of Arcola; and we expected, at day-break, to be attacked by the whole army of the enemy, who were found to have had time to file off with their baggage

gage and parks of artillery, and to advance to the rear to receive us.

“At day-break, the combat commenced every where with the greatest alertness. Massena, who was on the left put the enemy to the rout, and pursued them to the gates of Caldero, general Robert, who was on the middle cause-way with the 75th, defeated the enemy with the bayonet, and covered the field of battle with deadbodies. I ordered the adjutant-general Vial to advance along the Adige, with a half-brigade, to turn the whole left of the enemy, but the country presented invincible obstacles; it was in vain for that brave general to plunge himself up to the neck in water; he could not effect a diversion of any consequence. In the night between the 26th and 27th, Nov. 16th and 17th, I had bridges thrown over the canals and the marshes.

“General Angereau passed them with his division. At six o'clock in the morning we were within sight; general Massena on the left; general Robert in the centre; and general Angereau on the right. The enemy attacked the centre vigorously, which fell back. I then drew the 32d from the left, and placed it in ambuscade in the woods; and the instant the enemy pressed the centre, and was on the point of turning our right, general Gardanne, at the head of the 32d, rushed forth from his ambuscade, took the enemy in flank, and made a horrible carnage.

“The left of the enemy was supported by the marshes, and awed our right by their superior

number. I ordered citizen Hercule, the officer of my guides, to choose 25 men of his company to advance along the Adige, to the distance of half a league, to turn all the marshes which supported the enemy's left, and to fall afterwards, in full gallop, into the enemy's rear, and make several trumpets sound. This manoeuvre was perfectly successful; the hostile infantry gave way, and general Angereau took advantage of the moment. But it still made resistance, though it was retreating, when a small column of between 8 and 9000 men, with four pieces of cannon, whom I had made desile through Porto Legnago, to take position in the rear of the enemy, and to fall upon their backs during the combat, finished by completely putting them to the rout. General Massena, who had returned to the centre, marched straight to the village of Arcola, which he took, and pursued the enemy to near the village of St. Bonifacio; but night prevented our going farther.

“The fruit of the battle of Arcola is between 4 and 5000 prisoners, four stand of colours, and 18 pieces of cannon. The enemy lost at least 4000 killed, and as many wounded. Besides the generals whom I mentioned, generals Robert and Gardanne were wounded. The adjutant-general Vandelin has been killed. I had killed two of my aids-de-camp, citizens Elliot and Muison, two officers of the greatest distinction; though young, still they promised to gain one day the highest military rank with glory. Our loss, though

though inconsiderable, was very severe, because it included all the principal officers.

"Meanwhile general Vaubois has been attacked, and his important position at Rivoli forced; this has uncovered the blockade of Mantua. We sent the cavalry to Vicenza, where I had left general Kilmaine with three thousand men.

"At this moment I have rallied the division of Vaubois; I forced it, and it is at Castelnovo. Angereau is at Verona, Massena about Villanova. To-morrow I will attack the division which beat Vaubois. I will pursue it into Tyrol and then wait the surrender of Mantua, which cannot hold out a fortnight longer. The artillery has covered itself with glory.

The generals and officers of the staff displayed an unexampled activity and bravery. Twelve or fifteen were killed; it was really a deadly combat; there is not one but what had his clothes pierced with bullets.

"I will send you the colours taken from the enemy.

"BUONAPARTE."

December 7.

We are told in the ministerial papers, that another noble lord is to be sent as an assistant to lord Malmesbury, in the business of the negociation. If we are to judge from what has already been done by one of those noble personages, we shall be apt to anticipate no great effect from their combined efforts. Indeed the transaction reminds us of the anecdote of a gentleman, who asked one of his

servants, "James, what are you doing?"—"Nothing sir." He then applied to another, "William, what are you doing?"—"Assisting James, sir."

Domestic Occurrences.

Philadelphia, January 20.

Message of the President of the United States to both Houses of Congress.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives;

At the opening of the present session of congress, I mentioned that some circumstances of an unwelcome nature had lately occurred in relation to France; that our trade had suffered, and was suffering extensive injuries in the West-Indies, from the cruisers and agents of the French republic; and that communications had been received from its minister here, which indicated danger of a further disturbance of our commerce by its authority, and that were, in other respects, far from agreeable: but that I reserved for a special message, a more particular communication on this interesting subject. This communication I now make.

The complaints of the French minister embraced most of the transactions of our government, in relation to France, from an early period of the present war; which, therefore, it was necessary carefully to review. A collection has been formed of letters and papers relating to those transactions, which I now lay before you, with a letter to Mr. Pinckney, our

our minister at Paris, containing an examination of the notes of the French minister, and such information as I thought might be useful to Mr. Pinckney in any further representations he might find necessary to be made to the French government. The immediate object of his mission was to make to that government such explanations of the principles and conduct of our own, as by manifesting our good faith might remove all jealousy and discontent, and maintain that harmony and good understanding with the French republic which it has been my constant solicitude to preserve. A government which required only knowledge of the *truth* to justify its measures, could not but be anxious to have this fully and frankly displayed.

G. WASHINGTON.

United States, Jan. 19, 1797.

Extract of a letter from Cape Francois to a house in this city, dated December 20th, 1796.

“This government seems determined to lay every obstacle in the channel of American commerce. It now not only refuses paying old debts, but contracts (if it can be so called) new ones without so much as a promise of ever paying. Its armed vessels have sent in all American vessels bound to or from any British ports, either in this island or real English colonies, which have been condemned without so much as the ceremonies of a trial. Such as have come here with their own accord, have abandoned their vessels and gone home, depending as I suppose upon the insurers for

indemnification;—others, whose cargoes have been partly taken, stay but to no purpose. In addition to this, a duty is laid (as they say by orders from France) on the importation of goods imported in American bottoms, which is high on every thing except beef, pork, and flour, these are free;—as the duty on dry goods is ascertained by weight, it is extremely unequal—on the finest linen one dollar per piece; on Russia sheeting two and an half dollars per piece, both being 105 livres per 100 lb. All kinds of provisions are high, and in demand, but cannot be brought without falling into the hands of administration.

A letter dated at Gonaives, Nov. 24th, 1796, to a merchant in this city, mentions, that 58 sail of American vessels had been sent in there by French cruizers, and taken coming and going to British ports.

On the 9th of December last 18 sail of British men of war were cruising off Cape Francois. It was supposed by the inhabitants of the Cape that the British had received information of an armament coming out from France, which the people of the Cape had no advice of.

January 25.

The vessel dispatched last summer with the money consigned by our Government to the Dey of Algiers, as the price of peace, has been captured by a corsair of the Dey of Tunis. The Dey of Algiers has sent to demand restitution of the money and the *head of the Corsair*, who committed the hostility!

CHARLESTON,

CHARLESTON,

FEBRUARY 11, 1797.

ARRIVALS.

February 4—Ship William, Pitket, Newburyport: consigned to the Master: 73 bls. rum, and produce.

Schooner Venus, Haddard, Nassau—T. Morris—44 hhd. and 102 bls. sugar.

Schooner Jerushia, Stevens, Norfolk—master—20 puncheons rum.

Sloop Royal Oak, Kenny, Nassau: I. Teatdale: 600 bushels salt, and lignumvitæ.

Schooner Blakeney, Townsend, Rhode-island: Miller & Robertson: rum and produce.

Sloop Friendship, Carr, Bath: Master: lumber.

Sloop Fame, Groves, Wilmington: Master: lumber and shingles.

Sloop Betsey, Earle, Wilmington: D. Allen: lumber and flour.

Ship Liberty, Cook, Bolton: Miller & Robertson: rum, gunpowder and produce.

February 5—Sloop Port-Packet, Salters, Turk's-island: Jennings & Woddrop: 1,200 bushels salt.

Schooner Louisa, Server, Edenton: Master: slaves.

Schooner Clothier, Shackelford, North-Carolina: Master: slaves.

Schooner Averick, Carmalt, North-Carolina: I. Milligan: lumber and naval stores.

Ship Liberty, Barns, Baltimore: Oliver: 450 barrels flour, 40 puncheons rum.

February 6—Ship White Fox, Schade, Hamburg: Schutt: 30 boxes candles, 2 do. soap.

February 7—Schooner Sally, Andrews, Cape Nichola-Mole: Tunno & Cox: 13 hogheads tierce and 20 barrels sugar, and 13 hogheads coffee.

Sloop Mercury, Pile, Havana: Coperthwaite: 13 barrels and 22 bags sugar, 61 hoghead

and 9 barrels molasses, 2 hogheads and 14 barrels sugar.

Ship Ruby, Smith, London: J. Geyer: dry goods and slate.

February 8.—Brig Ocean, Damsen, Bremen: Lang: wine, gin, brandy & dry goods.

Ship Planter, Hudson, Cadiz: T. Stewart: 440 casks wine, 10 pipes brandy, 82 hhd. salt, 76 barrels lemons.

Brig William, Highborn, Surinam: Crocker, Highborn & Wright: 864 bags coffee.

February 9.—Schooner Maria, Hatch, Bolton: Master: lumber and produce.

Ship Oneida, Sheffield, New-York: Kirk & Lokens: gin, goods, flour and produce.

Schooner Philadelphia, Lewis, Havana: Frazer: 247 boxes sugar, and fruit.

Schooner Sculpion, Carter, Wilmington: Master: lumber.

Schooner Success, Crosby, Wilmington: Master: lumber.

Schooner Polly, Lowe, Nassau: I. Teatdale: 75 boxes, 47 bags and 7 baskets sugar.

Schooner Betsey, Millenny, Wilmington: Whitfield & Brown: rum, skins and naval stores.

MARRIED.] On Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. Buist, Mr. John Maxwell to Miss Jane Masfit.

On Wednesday last, by Mr. Azuby, Mr. Abraham Rodrigues, late of St. Domingo, to Miss Rebecca Saporata, daughter of Mr. Abraham Saporata.

On Tuesday last Mr. Matthew Hatch, Esq. Deputy Collector for the Port of Charleston, to Miss Jule Watson. Also, Mr. James Davis, to Mrs. Galt, relict of Doctor Edward Galt.

DIED.] On the 3d instant, at the house of Mr. John Wyatt, in this city, and in the 46th year of his age, Mr. John Tins.

On Tuesday last, Mr. James Wright, in the 56th year of his age.

On Wednesday the 18th ult. at Burlington, New-Jersey, Richard Brooke Roberts, Esq. of South Carolina, major of infantry in the service of the United States.